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## *One Sunday My Son / Cassandra*

Dirk J. Verhulst

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### *One Sunday My Son / Cassandra*

#### **Abstract**

One Sunday My Son: One Sunday my son ran into the orchard behind the house. Cassandra: You have heard the children cry from the water below the rock: the earth red with blood from the feast of the father.

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; One Sunday My Son; Cassandra; Dirk J. Verhulst

## ONE SUNDAY MY SON

by Dirk J. Verhulst

*One Sunday my son ran  
into the orchard behind the house.  
It wasn't long before he disappeared  
among the weeds grown tall  
from a summer of neglect.*

*Twice I saw his head come up  
above the weeds but it wasn't long  
before the limbs of branches  
dragged him under.*

*Is it possible to drown  
in an orchard?*

*Do apple trees float  
in ancient glacial bowls,  
like weeds upon the water?*

*It's been a week now  
since he disappeared and  
the silence from the orchard  
is broken only by branches  
falling on the wet ground  
with the sound a boy makes  
when he jumps into a river.*

## CASSANDRA (FOR PENN KEMP)

by Dirk J. Verhulst

*"I will endure to die"*

*You have heard the children cry  
from the water below the rock:  
the earth red with blood  
from the feast of the father.*

*Your lover-thief  
has betrayed you;  
now dead men choke the waters.*

*Your chants explode  
inside our skulls:  
fragments of ancient stories  
passed around the fire.*

*Prophetess,  
doomed to foretell the future,  
break the membrane over our  
reluctant ears and  
sing for us.*